THE MARINER



MARINE

OUR MOTTO

Non Confectio Sed Intrim

(Not Finishing But Beginning)

Colors: Blue and White

Flower: Fleur-de-lis



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Non Confectio Sed Intrim

(Not Finishing But Beginning)

Colors: Blue and White

Flower: Fleur-de-lis



"THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

AND PLEASE RETURN IT.

—

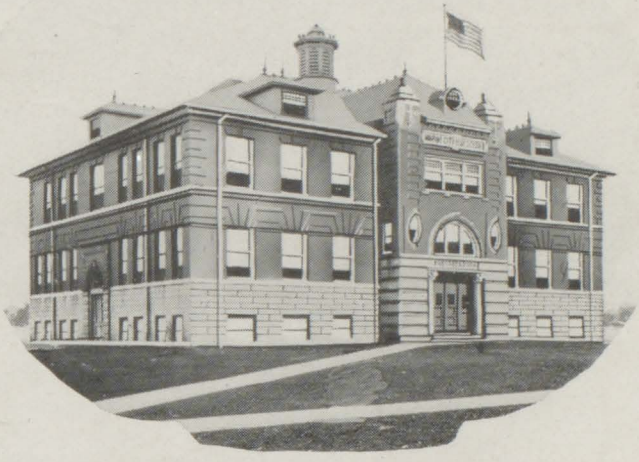
YOU MAY THINK THIS A STRANGE REQUEST, BUT I FIND THAT ALTHOUGH MANY OF MY FRIENDS ARE POOR MATHEMATICIANS THEY ARE NEARLY ALL OF THEM, GOOD BOOKKEEPERS."

—SCOTT

From Florence in 1922.

THE MARINER

VOLUME TWO



The Annual of the Class of 1922, containing a record of our doings and sayings, both wise and otherwise.



DEDICATION

TO

ISABELLE HANFORD

—

TO A LIFE
OF UNASSUMING SIMPLICITY AND OF
GENEROUS SERVICE,
WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS BOOK



ISABELLE HANFORD

FOREWORD

DURING the past year the Senior Class of '22 has been preparing this book as their last endeavor in a literary way while still members of the Marine City High School. It has been our aim to make "The Mariner," Volume Two, a real source of information and entertainment for all who read it. There are mistakes—many of them, we suppose—but they are all of the head and not of the heart.

Unlike most other work which a good live class as a whole usually does to raise money for entertainments, commencement exercises, etc., this publication has been prepared by us without any thought of financial gain, but rather to put all into it possible, with our limited resources, both in quantity and quality. We have succeeded, I believe, in a measure at least; now we await the verdict of you, the reader, and this verdict we await in confidence.

To the Senior Class of '23 we leave the work begun last year and carried on by us to be continued, so that next year may appear "The Mariner," Volume Three.

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SUPT. H. B. THOMPSON

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."

—Browning.

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Western State Normal
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Civics and History

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History and Civics

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Domestic Science and Art

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Ypsilanti
Music and Art

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H. A. SMITH

DR. A. B. ARMSBURY

CHARLES MANN

H. E. DOYLE

OUR TEACHERS

Doris Morse

Thompson is boss of everyone here,—
From Freshmen down to our teachers dear.
He's our superintendent as you've probably guessed,
And though he is often considered a pest,
Of all superintendents, we think he's the best.

When to V. P. P. I pen these lines
My tho'ts are dark with gloom—
To think of the good times you've spoiled,
The many plots that you have foiled
By barring us from Miss Hanford's room!

As wise as an owl does Miss Hanford look
As she peers at us over her English book.
And much like an owl does she sound, too,
When, fixing her gaze directly on you,
She asks, "Who wrote this poem? Who? Who?"

If you go to the library, stifle your pep;
Miss Travis is watching your every step.
And always be *sure* that you have a pass,
For she's willing to leave her history class
To "collar" a naughty laddie or lass.

Miss Conrad must (as some have said)
Have rows of eyes quite 'round her head,
For there's nought occurring but what she sees,
And if we but whisper, wink, or sneeze,
She says, "Just take the front seat, please!"

Our commercial teacher, Ada Kline,
Is rather small, but mighty fine!
She keeps jazz music near at hand
To speed her pupils, and to make
Her typists literally "beat the band."

A peculiar woman is Mrs. Pierce,
For her taste, you'll admit, is something fierce.
She'd rather dissect a frog,
Or pickle a fish,
Than cook her husband a toothsome dish!

In Miss Hooper's classes you cannot rest,
She makes you work your very best.
And if you don't, you'll run aground,
For she teaches subjects quite profound,—
Why squares are square, and circles round.

Lefler's discovered the fountain of Youth
Tho' he looks to be thirty—honest truth!
He coaches, then dances where all flappers flap;
Then he's late in the morning—the reason mayhap
Is because he won't forfeit his beauty nap.

Miss Mason's a wonder, there's no mistake;
All sorts of goodies she can bake—
Bread, pies, cookies, beans or cake.
But we warn young men to keep away,
For her rolling-pin's always on hand, they say!

Miss Abbott has a sunny smile,
And *seems* good natured all the while.
But if to this you should cry, "Nay!"
You must not blame her anyway—
She teaches Freshmen every day.

With Mrs. Beeman we must dispense;
To retain her longer is needless expense.
Do you know what she's doing?
When you know you will balk—
She's teaching the *girls* in our high school to *talk!*

An accident's happened, I see!
And it's just as sad as sad can be.
Our teacher of Art,
Struck by Cupid's dart,
From school life, they tell me, is about to depart.

Down in the basement, in Miss Cottrell's room
All small boys love to linger.
They are waiting in vain
To hear her complain
When she pounds, not wood, but her finger.

Major Farrell oft finds that he must
Marshal his forces to battle with dust.
So it's dust Major Farrell does greatly abhor,
And he stations a guard at every door
To prevent you from bringing in any more.



SENIORS



ELMER KERSTEN

Boys' Athletic Editor; Class Pres. '22; Football '18, '19, '20; Basket Ball '21; Base Ball '19, '20, '21; Track '21; Literary Society '21; "Cherry Blossoms"; "Mikado"; Y.M.C.A. '19, '20, '21, "22; Leader "Royal" Younger Boys' "Y" Group; State Conference '22.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

FLORENCE WONSEY

Literary Editor; Y. W. C. A.; Campfire Girls '21, '22.

"Ability involves responsibility."

NORENE BUSHAW

Business Manager Mariner; Class Secretary '19; Class Vice-Pres. '20; Vice-Pres. Literary Society '21; Drama Society '22; "Cherry Blossoms"; Chorus '18, '19, '20; Pres. Y. W. C. A. '22; Leader "Fresh" Girls, "Y" Group.

"Good humor is goodness and wisdom combined."

LAURA McRAE

Literary Staff.

"She has natural, wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness."



WALTER BARKEY

Editor-in-chief Mariner; Class Pres. '20; Literary Society '20, '21 (Pres. '21); Football '20, '21, '22 (Capt. '22); Basket Ball '22; Cross Country Team '20, '21; Track '20; Y. M. C. A. '20, '21, '22; Pres. County "Y" Conference; '22; Vice-Pres. St. Clair County Council; Winner of "All Around Efficiency Cup" at State Camp," HAYO-WENT-HA, '22; Leader "Pioneer" Younger Boys' "Y" Group '22.

"And still they looked and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

MARGARET McKINNEY

Board of Editors; Class Secretary '19; Literary Society '21; "Mikado"; "Cherry Blossoms.".

"Blushes cannot be counterfeited."

GEORGE CROW

Board of Editors; Class Treasurer '19, '22; Y. M. C. A. '19, '20, '21, '22 (Pres. Pioneer "Y" '20); HAYO-WENT-HA '22; State Older Boys' "Y" Conference '22; County Conference '19, '20, '21, '22; County Camp '19, '20; Leader "Indian" Younger Boys' "Y" Group '22.

"Common sense is very uncommon."

VIOLET SHAW

Board of Editors; Class Vice-President '22; Y. W. C. A. '22; Chorus '20.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."



MARIAN BURROWS

Literary Staff; Class Secretary '22; Y.W.C.A. '22; Campfire Girls '21, '22; Chorus '19, '20; "Cherry Blossoms."

"Blushing beauties of a modest maiden."

RUBY BEDFORD

Literary Staff.

"Nothing, at times, is more impressive than silence."

CHARLES HOLLAND

Boys' Athletic Staff; Football '17, '18, '19, '20, '22; Basket Ball '18, '19, '20, '21 (Capt. '20); Baseball '19, '20, '21 (Capt. '19); Track '19, '20, '21; "Cherry Blossoms"; Y.M.C.A. '19, '20, '21, '22; Leader "Pheasants" Younger Boys' "Y" Group.

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

ROWENA JOURE

Girls' Athletic Editor; Basket Ball, (Capt. '22); Drama Society '22; Campfire Girls '21, '22 (Vice-Pres. '22); Y. W. C. A. '22.

"Gentle in method, resolute in action."



MILDRED ARNOLD

Athletic Staff; Basket Ball '20, '21 (Capt. '21).

"I could be better if I would,
But it's awful lonesome being good."

HELEN JOURE

Athletic Staff; Typist.

"I always get the better when I argue alone."

JACK PERRIN

Art Staff; Football '20, '21; State Conference '22; Leader Bonnie Boys" Younger Boys' 'Y' Group '22.

"I begin nothing without considering what the end may be."

ALMA HORTON

Business Staff; Chorus '18, '19.

"A contented heart is an even sea in the midst of all storms."



MARIE BAKER

Literary Staff; Typist; Chorus '20; "Cherry Blossoms."

"I do well and right and let the world sink."

ADALINE FOSTER

Secretary and Treasurer '21; Basket Ball '21, '22; Y. W. C. A. '22; Campfire Girls (Pres. '22); Drama Society '22.

"Benevolent people are always cheerful."

THEODORE YOUNG

Art Editor of Mariner; Vice-Pres. '19; Pres. of "Pioneer Y" '19; Cross Country '20, County "Y" Camp '19, '20; (Capt.) Reserves Basket Ball '22; County "Y" Conference '19, '20.

"Rather a handy man to have around."

FLORENCE WENG

Literary Society '21; Literary Staff; Campfire Girls '21; Drama Society '22; Y. W. C. A. '22; Basket Ball '20, '21, '22; Chorus '19, '20.

"Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life."



DORIS MORSE

Business Staff; Y. W. C. A. '22.

"What she dares to dream of she dares to do."

ELEANOR SMITH

Literary Staff; Campfire Girls '21, '22; Y. W. C. A. '22.

"Fields are won by those who believe in the winning."

DONALD ACKLEY

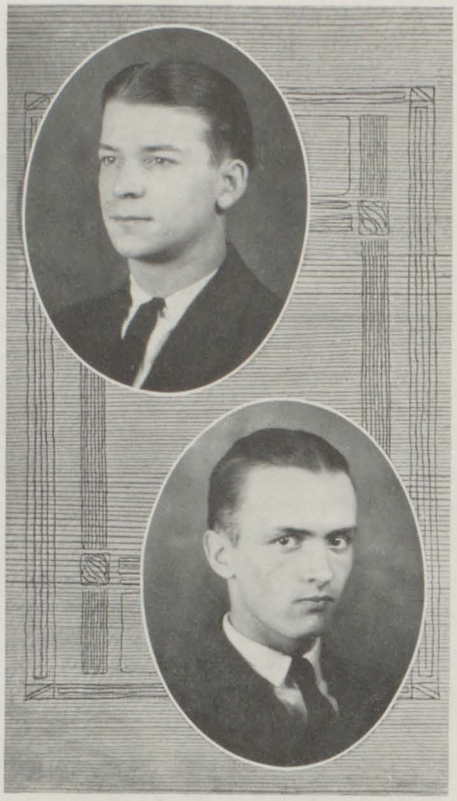
Art Staff.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him.

EDNA WISSMAN

Literary Staff; Literary Society '21; Drama Society '22; Chorus '20; Y. W. C. A. '22.

"It is well to think well; it is divine to act well."



PAYNE SAPH

Business Staff; Class Pres. '21; Football '20, '21; Y. M. C. A.

"Enjoying the present day is my motto."

FREDERICK HOLMES

"Belief is not a matter of choice but of conviction."

OUR WATCHWORD FOR THE FUTURE

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.'"

—Henry van Dyke.

OUR CLASS HISTORY

MARIAN BURROWS AND ELEANOR SMITH

It was in the early fall of 1918, that Alma Mater gazed wearily upon the four small boys that stood before her. Her gaze softened and her heart swelled with pride as it rested on the smallest child, "1922." He was a lad of perhaps fourteen years, with soft blue eyes that twinkled with laughter, and a broad, high forehead, above which an abundance of dark brown hair curled gently backward. His mouth was rather large, but well proportioned, and his chin denoted a decidedly strong character. He was somewhat tall for his years, and gave one the impression of future size and strength, but especially of intelligence.

When his older brothers strutted boldly into the Senior High, leaving him alone and uncertain which way to go, Alma Mater, with an affectionate smile, came forward, and taking him by the hand, led him upstairs to the Junior Assembly Room, where she found him a seat into which he settled contentedly. As he gazed around at the other assembled grades, his eyes wide with intelligence, Alma Mater predicted great things of him.

How swiftly the days, weeks and months flew by for little "1922." The weeks brought endless classes, one after another, the months, tests, of which he had a very great dread; but he still faced a more profound dread in the semester exams, which like a phantom looming up in the distance, was paralyzing him with fear. A mighty struggle ensued, but when the horizon cleared it was plain to be seen that his artful dodging had won him the battle.

Encouraged by the continual praise of Alma Mater and her assistants, he faced a new problem with undaunted courage. It was indeed a huge problem for so small a boy to tackle. It was none other than the settlement of petty grievances which had arisen between his older brother "1921" and himself. The duel was a difficult one. He struggled with his brother in a Flag-rush and a Tug of War, but the victory having been announced in his favor, he eagerly turned his attention to sports and social activities.

These pleasures were greatly encouraged by Alma Mater as a diversion from the daily grind of study. Little "1922" entered into the course of events so wholeheartedly that he scarcely thought of the rapid advance of finals that would soon overtake him. But the awakening came quickly, and the sight of the phantom with whom he had struggled before stirred in him a desire for success. He delved into his studies with renewed vigor, and when the exams finally appeared, the phantom passed him by unnoticed.

Soon Miss June arrived with her mysterious lures for small boys. The swimming pool with all its fascinations seemed to call little "1922," but he was still held by unbreakable bonds—the receiving of the verdict on his first year of high school. At last the day came when he was free to follow his own desires and the call of vacation, and he eagerly passed from his first year of high school into that enchanted land where he was to spend two long months.

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The fall advanced, and school days returned all too quickly for "1922." What a remarkable change the summer had wrought upon him. He had grown like a weed and also had attained much of the Red Man's hue. His other brothers, with

wonder, observed his attitude of superiority, but there was a reason for his pride; it was to be his first year in Senior High. Still greater was the amazement of his teachers, for his mind had broadened to such an extent that he now realized the importance of his studies and turned to them diligently.

Many long evenings did he spend in company with his Modern History and Geometry texts—his greatest trials; indeed, if it had not been for the patient help of Alma Mater, he would have given up in despair. On, on he plodded through the ever-shortening days, each bringing nearer mid-winter and its continuous round of pleasure. This year "1922" took a prominent place in social activities, doing his part in entertaining and accepting with pleasure the invitations extended to him. To be sure they were numerous, for hardly a month went by without leaving pleasant memories of its many parties. Not only parties but also athletics held his interest. Eagerly, with eyes full of hope and admiration, he watched the games progress, hoping that some day he might himself be a participant. With this aim in view he faithfully attended both practices and games until, near the end of the first semester, he was awarded a place on the second team. As a result of "1922's" diligence, when the mid-winter examinations drew near, he saw only the shadow of th formerly dreaded phantom, which glided by, leaving the highest of traces, and even these were forgotten in the increasing tumult of the second semester.

Social activities, studies, and sports kept him busy, but soon interest in these gave way to baseball and track. Closely following these fascinations came Sophomore finals and the rush of Commencement. At this stage of his high school life "1922" was informed of an old tradition which made it his duty to decorate for his older brother's Baccalaureate Service. This done, and having won in a slight struggle over finals, he was again free for two happy months.

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August the 30th—. With a gasp "1922" looked around him. Autumn days were ushering in his third year of high school. But he was all too anxious to return, for he realized that this year was to have a great influence on his future life. He also anticipated many social activities in which he had a very great interest. Thus it was with renewed vigor that he again entered the high school and started to work with a will knowing that he would be well compensated for his efforts.

The first social event that claimed his attention was a Hallowe'en party given at the McLouth Hall for the entertainment of his brothers and himself. This was in the form of a Masquerade, and many different characters were cleverly represented. Next came basket-ball, which he carefully interspersed with his school work, so as not to devote too much time to either. This year he was again to take a prominent place in basket-ball, baseball and track. In fact, the whole year was so crowded with events that it closely resembled a pre-arranged program instead of a regular school year.

Shortly before the close of the first semester "1922" was requested by his older brother, "1921," to have his picture taken for the Senior Annual, which was being rushed to completion. When this was accomplished he had time to listen to the warnings of Alma Mater, who, anxious for his welfare and success, deemed it wise to remind him of the nearness of semi-annuals. Heeding her warnings, he made hurried preparation, and passed with fair success.

The first few weeks of the second semester passed quickly and with no event of importance, but one morning "1922," starting to school, heard the sound of the fire whistle and, thinking this sound more attractive than that of the school

bell, joined the crowd going to the fire. Behold! It was the High School Gymnasium! Excitement reigned in the high school proper, many students visiting the scene of action. By noon Alma Mater had regained her control and classes proceeded on schedule. The demolished "Gym" was the chief topic of discussion and interest for many days, and "1922" received much credit for rescuing the moving picture machine that had been purchased by the teachers for the benefit of the school. A new building had to be provided for the four grades that had lost their school home. The Board of Education ordered portable schools to be built back of the main building, which "1922" and his companions ridiculed, calling them "chicken coops," "warts," and other disrespectful terms, much to the disgust of Alma Mater.

Spring came, bringing new difficulties, and "1922's" thoughts were turned to finances, deciding him to stage an entertainment. After great deliberation he chose to give a motion picture, "Judith of Bethulia," and as an extra feature, Harold Lloyd in "An Ocean Voyage." This entertainment was a great success. Soon, another money-making scheme was planned in the form of a May Queen contest. Each class was instructed to choose a candidate for Queen Ballots were bought from "1922," and cast in favor of the buyer's choice, Alma Buckler Freshmen candidate, being elected. Combining the proceeds of the two, "1922," was enabled to entertain "1921" by taking him on an excursion to Tashmoo Park, where they spent a happy day, which will always be pleasantly remembered. This year, as in his Freshman year, the phantom of examinations was looming up in the distance, even larger and more terrible than before. But "1922" was so preoccupied and interested in preparations for his older brother's commencement that he neither heeded nor feared it. With a frightful velocity the phantom swooped down on him and passed by, leaving him much weakened, but, because of this experience, he was better fitted for his last year in high school.

The phantom gone and the pomp of graduation over, "1922" passed into his last vacation before his own commencement.

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It was a very different "1922" that returned to school for his last year. He was a true Senior in every sense of the word, and well fitted for all the duties that the year was to bring him. To be sure these were numerous, but he had anticipated difficulty and was looking forward to a year filled with hard work. After the first few weeks had passed, and he had become accustomed to the daily programs, he started what was to be his main project during the first semester, the publishing of a Senior Annual, named "The Mariner." Being a difficult task, it required much time and thought, leaving little time for pleasure, yet he found time for the important social event of the year—a Hallowe'en Masquerade, which was given at the Odd Fellow's Hall, "1922's" younger brother "1923" carrying off the honors on this occasion.

Another of "1922's" big problems being "Finance," he decided to conduct a most successful candy sale, in which he was aided by the co-operation of Alma Mater and her assistants. But, having profited by his experiences, "1922" gave this and other fascinations only second place in his thoughts and was not to be lured from his studies, even when the twenty-fifth of December drew near, with the accustomed week of vacation; he was looking still farther ahead to the time of semester exams, seeing the phantom which always accompanied them. Christ-

mas came quickly, and during the week of vacation the most important social event of the first semester took place, in the form of a dancing party given by the "Class of 1921."

The next few weeks passed swiftly, and the Semi-Annuals were upon him. But, as a result of his foresight, "1922" had nothing to fear. This time he did not even see the dreaded phantom, but passed unhaunted into the home stretch of his High School Life. Before he realized, April was at hand, and "1922" was entertained at a "J" Hop, by his younger brother, "1923." During this time "1922" was always to be seen poring over his books and the material for the Annual—now nearing completion. At last the day of publication came, and "The Mariner" was widely read and praised, bringing much credit to "1922."

Then came Finals, but to these "1922" gave but passing thought, as his interest was centered mainly on Commencement, the goal for which he had been working for four long years. All too soon the day came, and taking a sad farewell of Alma Mater and her assistants, he passed from the High School where he had spent so many happy days. But as he went, he looked half-regretfully back and realized as never before how much Alma Mater had done for him, and there resolved that his commencement would be not an ending, but a beginning of the good things he would do to aid the future generations of Alma Mater.

THE MOVIE IN FAIRYLAND

(Class Prophecy)

FLORENCE WENG—FLORENCE WONSEY—MARGARET MCKINNEY

Have you ever been in Fairyland? It is a wondrous place—a world robed in green grasses and gemmed with quaint flowers—a world of fairy creatures and blue sky. Every flower-cup may be a fairy's boudoir and every mushroom a fairy's dining-table. The gauzy-winged butterflies are their airships, and very often of a summer morning you may see the fairy rings their dancing feet have left in the fields and meadows.

"I know whenever fairies pass,
Because they lightly bend the grass;
I never see them, so I think
They must go by just when I wink."

Queen Buttercup rules this whole woodland kingdom, enforcing her teachings of kindness and happiness through the power of the elves, who work magic upon all the good folks of the kingdom.

A festival is held each year and a special feature introduced. It is a gala affair, and all the fairies, at the command of the Queen, leave their work to attend. It was in the spring of 1922 that the latest and greatest of these festivals was held, the predominating feature being a movie shown on a shimmering mist screen hung on the sweet-briar. Weeks before every fairy had been busily engaged in preparation—fairy dressmakers hastily making gauzy gowns, little milliners sewing dainty stitches into flower bonnets, elfin cobblers fashioning lady-slippers for tiny tripping feet.

At last the day arrived, and every available butterfly was at hand to carry the fairies to their amphitheatre on a cool, shady knoll, bordering a rippling brooklet. By twilight apparently everyone in Fairyland had arrived, so crowded was the Woodland Theatre. The Queen, dressed in gossamer, dew-drop-trimmed, was already seated on her throne. The fire-fly lanterns were turnd out, and all watched with eager anticipation as:

FLORENCE WENG
in
"SCATTERED HEARTS"
Scenario by Florence Wonsey
Futurette Production Woodland Theatre

flashed on the screen. Then the story opened showing FLORENCE WENG boarding a huge ocean liner at San Francisco. The fairies watch the ship, now,

in the fashion of the movies, seeing it from a distance getting well out to sea, now from the undulating deck, where the deck steward is placing FLORENCE'S deck chair to her satisfaction; at the ringing of the gong the gayly dressed passengers crowd into the dining-room where FLORENCE, greatly to her surprise, meets MARIE BAKER, who is on her way to Panama to be private secretary to the governor of the Panama Canal Zone.

The first stop of any importance is made at a Mexican seaport, where FLORENCE and MARIE join an expedition making a trip into the desert under the leadership of JACK PERRIN, who is gallantly devoting his life to smoothing the pathway of lady tourists and protecting them from wild beasts of the American desert—such as the thorny cactus, the deadly sage-brush, and the sprightly flea. So charming does he make the trip that they nearly lose the boat on their return, but, while the fairies hold their breath, they clamber on board, with JACK'S assistance, at the last moment. Passing to their staterooms, they are arrested by an announcement:

Radiophone Concert
CHARLES HOLLAND Will Sing Selections
From the Opera *"Hortense"*
This Evening

The next scene shows the passengers in evening attire listening to the concert in the grand salon. At its close a message of great scientific importance, just received by wireless, is announced stating that ALMA HORTON has at last unlocked a vast treasure in the Bahama Island as a result of finding the Florida Keys.

The journey continues through the Panama Canal, where Marie leaves, and up the east coast, till on a certain sunny day the passengers are told that a small boat just sighted is laying an ocean cable from Charleston to Portugal. The fairies watch FLORENCE crowding with the rest of the passengers to the rail till she makes out with her glass the wording of the sign on the boat:

THE BARKEY
CABLE CONSTRUCTION CO.

"Scattered Hearts" is evidently as false to real life as the average movie, as this ocean liner seems to have again changed its erratic course, for now they see it docking in the Bahamas. FLORENCE walks about the little seaport enraptured by the novel scenes. Suddenly her attention is caught by:

THE ARISTOCRACY
Announces Its Candidate For
Justice of the Peace
DONALD ACKLEY
Proprietor of the Sweetland Onion Plantation

The ship then proceeds to New York City, and upon landing she sees a sign which reads:

See the STATUTE of LIBERTY
Take a *Crow* Ferry
Trips Made Every Hour

The woodland audience sees her hastening over to where a Cunard liner is docking. The gangplank is pushed out, and the first passenger to alight is a richly dressed woman whom she does not recognize until someone exclaims: "Ah! RUBY BEDFORD, ze famous Prima Donna! How *exquisite! Tres chic! Tres celebre!*" Leaving RUBY, she buys a paper, returns to her boat, and settles down to read. Three items seem to be especially interesting to her. The first is MARIAN BURROWS' name at the top of the Society Column; the second:

FRED HOLMES Has Left For His Camp in the Adirondacks Where He Intends Compiling a Dictionary.

and the third, a card, she finds among the advertisements:

Announcing The Grand Opening of
NORENE BUSHAW'S
ANTIQUE SHOPPE
.0008 Fifth Ave.

Farther and farther north they travel. The fairies begin to shiver as great fields of ice appear. FLORENCE is seen in heavy furs at the rail reading an immense sign:

T. YOUNG
HIDES AND FURS
Leave Your Hides With Me

They go on. And now come the thrills, for even a movie in fairyland would be tame without them. The little audience fairly rise from their seats in apprehension as they now watch a great iceberg drifting closer and closer to the ship. Will it strike? No, it is drifting past. But now they cover their eyes, for just as the great ship seems to have cleared it, they see that the propeller is caught. An S. O. S. call is now sent. At last an aeroplane with M. McKINNEY as pilot comes to the rescue. A few flickers, and they see MARGARET taking off the last passenger—FLORENCE—to a small Island far to the South, warmed by the Gulf Stream. Here FLORENCE, the typical movie heroine, nothing daunted by her recent exhausting adventure, sets out to explore the apparently uninhabited island, accompanied and guarded by MARGARET, the erstwhile pilot, when, to their surprise, they come upon a small clearing, in the center of which stands a log cabin. Cooking over an open fire in front of the cabin, a man—the typical movie hermit—whom they recognize as ELMER KERSTEN, is seen. They have a long visit with him, learning that, discouraged by the final one of a long series of love affairs, he had sought solitude on this island, "far from the madding"—flappers.

Meanwhile workmen from the mainland had been repairing the boat, and on their return from the retreat of the hermit, ELMER (who refuses to return to civilization), MARGARET, the heroic bird-woman, flies away, while FLORence returns to the ship to resume her strange voyage. But unfortunately, here, in true movie fashion, something goes wrong, so that nothing registers on the screen but flickers and flashes—to the disappointment of the little movie fans. When the picture finally clears up, they find the ship approaching Victoria Island in the Arctic Ocean. FLORENCE lands here and PAYNE SAPH, leader of a Fiji Island Artic Expedition, which is here studying the blonde Eskimos of the region, tells FLORENCE:

"You will find ROWENA JOURE giving SKIING Lessons on that hill over there; and when you stop in Hong Kong don't fail to visit DORIS MORSE'S Curio Shoppe."

But somehow they seemed to have missed Hong Kong, for the next stop finds them on the equator at the Island of Borneo, and among those strange tropic scenes FLORENCE finds ADALINE, a missionary.

Four or five thousand miles being nothing in the movies, especially in Fairyland, the ship is now seen stopping at Honolulu. Immediately upon landing, FLORENCE is seen buying a ticket:

CONCERT

HAWAIIAN ORCHESTRA

MILDRED ARNOLD

Conductorette

Admission 5c

And now at last the ship once more lands at San Francisco, and a little later the heroine is seen boarding the Sante Fe Limited, homeward bound. Two poultry ranchers returning from the California State Fair sitting in front of her are talking of the Fair, when one says:

"My neighbor, EDNA WISSMAN, took first prize on her entries at the Poultry Show to-day."

At Cripple Creek, HELEN JOURE, now a sheriff, boards the train taking a prisoner, Jack Strawe—the famous airplane bandit, terror of the west for the past five years—to the penitentiary. She stands in the aisle—her prisoner handcuffed to her wrist—gossiping with FLORENCE:

"Did you know that LAURA McRAE is our Representative in Congress? She was elected because her stentorian voice was the only one in this district capable of being heard in the new Hall of Congress at Washington. Oh, yes! and ELEANOR SMITH is catering to the elite of New York City through her beauty parlor on the Avenue."

FLORENCE spends Sunday in Chicago, where she attends a fashionable church to hear the highest paid singer in the city—VIOLET SHAW.

Having seen airships, luxurious ocean liners, and trans-continental trains, the fairies now behold the acme of the transportation world, the last word in rapid transit—a D. U. R. car—in which FLORENCE seats herself with a sigh of utter delight and goes rattling toward home.

A delegation from the Republican Party meets her at the car in Marine City with a brass band to inform her that during her absence she had been elected Mayor of that thriving metropolis.

"SCATTERED HEARTS"

The End.

Instantly the fire-fly lights went up, the hall was filled with murmurs of approval, swift-flying butterflies buzzed off with their fairy freight, till at last all was silent in Woodland Theatre.


LIZ
?
BILLIE
LOVE ME : LOVE MY DOG
ELMER AND TED
ROWENA
WALT
FLOSSIE AND VI
ART
FLO

CLASS POEM

MARIE BAKER

In this jolly class of twenty-six,
Both pleasure and work we like to mix.
We're always in for jolly good times
Which you will see in the following rhymes.

First there is Mildred—we all call her "Mid"—
Upon whose head there's never a lid;
She's a jolly good sport and full of fun,
But this year it's hard for her to run.

Payne plans some day a lawyer to be
Perhaps to plead cases for you and me.
He has plenty of wit and humor too,
And there isn't a thing he couldn't do.

When it comes to intelligence, Norene's first,
Tho for good times she's an awful thirst.
But in her lessons—my she's good,
For you never see her in a vacant mood.

"Walt" Barkey, so tall, is our athlete,
With whom no one can dare compete.
In getting good marks, well "Walt's" right there,
E'en tho he has such brown curly hair.

Marion is the girl with the eyes of blue,
And difficult problems she always sees thru
Her manners, too, are never at fault,
And slangy phrases are locked in a vault.

George is the treasurer of our class,
So he takes care of all our cash.
Oh! yes, in his lessons he's very smart
Tho to a St. Clair girl he's given his heart.

Violet has the eyes of brown,
Upon her face there's never a frown,
For everyone she has a smile,
Which surely makes life seem worth while.

Elmer takes care of the Seniors' trouble,
And in his mind good suggestions bubble.
It's an honor to have such a president as he;
We wish our president he could always be.

Helen is the one who makes us all laugh
When, in class, with the teacher she has a spat;
Yet she's as good a girl as you have seen,
And in her work is quite supreme.

Margaret McKinney, our black-eyed Susan,
Sometimes is caught in her classes "snoozin;"
She can dance and tickle the ivories too,
But she won't tell the size of her shoe.

Eleanor, one of our happy number,
Is seldom caught in peaceful slumber.
She is an "A" student in all her work,
Because from it she'll never shirk.

Little Ted Young, so fat and so fair,
Smoothing down his yellow hair!
If anything comical has been said,
You may be sure it came from Ted.

Jack Perrin is another such lad
Whom no one ever has seen get mad.
He's jolly, smart, quick, and good;
But he keeps his knowledge beneath his hood.

Edna Wissmann is our country lassie
Who's never been known to get a bit sassy.
She comes to school in her auto each day
And so no carfare has to pay.

Now Rowena, she's a good old scout,
Who in the fresh air does like to get out.
To each and all she is a friend
For oftimes to us her knowledge she'll lend.

A new member this year is Doris.
Her last name you know is Morse.
She has beautiful hair and lovely eyes,
Which the boys'll agree quite hypnotize.

Another good member is "Chuck"
Who always has the best of luck,
For to graduate with class '22,
Is something none should regret to do.

Alma, one of this merry class,
Is a quiet, gentle sort of lass.
She's happy each hour as the days go by,
Ne'er making a sound or uttering a sigh.

Florence Wonsey's the girl with the heart of gold,
And not one lie has she ever told;
Whatever vocation she may choose,
She'll never lie down on the job and snooze.

Fred? Oh, I suppose you all know him.
He's very intelligent, and tall and slim.
His vocabulary is quite complete
Which no one yet has tried to beat.

Laura McRae, so pretty and fair,
With her beautiful, soft and nut brown hair,
A teacher says she would like to be;
Don't take it from me, but wait and see.

Ruby is one who has little to say
And always does the things that pay.
She tickles the typewriter keys so fast
Miss Kline can't make the paper last.

"Don" is a new member you see
So to his career I haven't the key.
Of knowledge, oh! yes, he has a great store,
So in his old age he'll never be poor.

Florence Weng is the girl who likes to talk.
She also owns shares in laughing stock.
Her work she always has well done,
As promptly as the rising sun.

Adaline is one of our good little girls,
Who sometimes wears her hair in curls.
It's a wonder that she isn't late,
Wrapping up buns and coffee cake.

Marie has a sweet twinkling smile,
And you'll notice how jolly her style,
But the thoughts of her lessons fade far,
As she dreamily plays her Hawaiian guitar.

(F. Wonsey)

To sum it all up I'm going to say,
You'll miss this class when it's gone away.
We're the pride of the dear old school you know
(You'll see I'm right in a year or so.)

We hate to leave the school so dear,
But of course we must in our Senior year.
So here's to the dear old school once more,
May she always thrive as in days of yore.

THE GRADUATE

EDITH HOPSON '23

With rose flushed face, in gown of white
Our Senior stands Commencement night.
We all applaud with one accord
As she steps forth for her reward.

We've been with her for twelve long years,
Through work and play, through joys and fears;
So now to you we'll tell the tale
Of how she worked through calm and gale.

Her steps were slow as she drew nigh
The fearful school with many a sigh—
The school whose wonder seemed enhanced
Three fold to her shy, childish glance.

But boldly up the steps she went,
And soon her head o'er tasks was bent.
Since starting into school was o'er
Her mind must fill with precious lore.

The years speed by; she's near her goal;
Her name is first on honor's roll.
From Grades through High she's led her class—
This struggling, fine, enduring lass.

Her school day's o'er, she'll face the World,
A flag of Truth on high unfurled;
She and her mates will strongly stand
For truth and right and native land.

SENIORS OF '22

TERRENCE L. CONLIN '23

Seniors of '22! My, aren't they wise?
That you can see by the look in their eyes,
The strut in their walk, and the tilt of their head;
(If I looked like those Seniors, I'd want to be dead.)

Oh, my, how chesty! Don't they know!
The best-behaved class that e'er sat in a row.
Ah, they're all beauties, it's well understood,
And, of course, they are studious, generous, and good.

What polish, what knowledge, what manners, what grace!
They're the pride and the joy of the whole human race,
The peak of perfection to which we may rise,
The noblest creations under the skies.

They intoxicate you; they capture your heart;
The boys are all handsome; the girls paint with art;
Most other girls paint till they make you quite sick,
But Senior girls use a mere touch of lip-stick.

How modest, how cunning, these sweet little things!
And, oh, they're such angels that soon they'll sprout wings
To fly away with; and if you look sharp,
You will see that each one has a halo and harp.

We have never seen Seniors like these are before
(And since we've seen these we don't want any more);
But don't tell them that; 'twould break many a heart;
Tell them we're sorry to see them depart.

Tell them we never can be so smart;
'Twill make them feel like N. Bonaparte
To be told they are so wise and so bright
That the marks they deserve would be high out of sight.

So let us endeavor to be as they've been,
An honor to schools, a light before men;
With honor diplomas triumphantly pass,
Let us seek to be perfect like this Senior Class.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1922

ADALINE FOSTER

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

You, and each of you cited below, are required personally to be and appear before our class at the High School Auditorium, in the city of Marine City, in the county of St. Clair, in the state of Michigan, on the 32nd day of May next, at thirteen o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to attend the probate of the said last will and testament: and those of you who are under the age of sixteen years are required to appear by your guardian, if you have one: if you have none, appear and apply for one to be appointed, or in the event of your neglect or failure to do so, a guardian will be appointed by this surrogate to represent and act for you in these proceedings.

To the Junior Class we leave our past reputation and high marks, together with our beloved and much bemarked row of seats.

To the Sophomore Class we bequeath all the scarcasm which has been so graciously and continuously bestowed upon us by Mr. Pierce.

To the Freshmen Class we hand down the following request, and charge them to observe it as a sacred duty: that they install trolley-cars in both lower and upper halls, with branches to all class rooms, and that the back seats be reserved for teachers and principals.

Whereas Donald Ackley, being a devoted follower of Shakespeare and remembering that sacred authority pronounced: "Her voice was gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman," and having no further use for his well-known gentle and low class-room voice because it can no longer be the torment of his High School teachers, said Donald Ackley does hereby give and bequeath said gentle and low voice to a more suitable owner—Fern Smith.

Mildred Arnold hath bequeathed her unprepared lessons to Joseph Miller.

To Eleanor Schuett, Marion Burrows leaves her ability to attract the opposite sex.

Florence Wonsey leaves her sunny disposition to Evelyn McDonald.

George Crow's unusual art of flirting, acquired by experience, is solemnly bequeathed to Arthur Zimmerman. Said art is free from all incumbrances whatsoever.

Helen Joure leaves her spasmodic mind to Bernice MacDonald.

Norene Bushaw's new book "Men and How to Vamp Them" has been this day enfeoffed to Violet Ouellette, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged.

Elmer Kersten does hereby bequeath his good looks to Neil Smith.

Ted Young releases his sole right to the use of his 1922-23 license to use playthings during classes to L. Z. Mitchell.

Eleanor Smith leaves her A's to Thelma Long.

Rowena Joure bequeaths her athletic ability to her younger sister, Charlotte, hoping to keep said ability in the family.

Frederick Holmes dissolves his partnership with the Webster Dictionary Corporation, Limited, and hereby binds Peter Endres to fill the vacancy.

Adaline Foster bequeaths to Helen McMullen her six feet—linear measure.

Walter Barkey hereby regretfully wills to Milton Hunt his marceller, which has been of unlimited service to him during the past year.

Violet Shaw bequeaths her last box of (special) rouge to Bertha Lobes.

Jack Perrin does hereby confess his desire to thrust upon Walter Baird his quaint sense of humor.

Margaret McKinney leaves her beaming contenance to Clayton Parker.

Charles Holland does hereby bequeath his powder-puff to Aubrey Kirchner. Said article, no doubt, is shabby from its constant use, but with discretion, it will still serve Aubrey for another year.

Laura McRae does hereby give and bequeath her famous recipe for making buns, which recently won the "Gold Medal" in the bun contest. Said bequest is hereby conditioned to Grace Beauchamp on the proviso that Grace lends it to Leona Saph when said party of the third part's hair has grown longer.

Doris Morse bequeaths her ability as a successful candy saleslady to Anna Laura Baird.

Being about to depart from this High School life with regret, Florence Weng transfers her ability to laugh the loudest in class to Bernice Stark.

To Ralph Wesbrook, Payne Saph leaves his ingenuity in beating around the bush, when asked a question in English Class.

Marie Baker hereby bequeaths to Charlotte Ticknor a small jar labelled thus: "Guaranteed to Remove Freckles."

To Marion Lowes, Ruby Bedford bequeaths her velocity in tickling the typewriter keys.

Alma Horton releases all claim and wills to Clarke Hill her calm manner.

We do hereby appoint H. B. Thompson Executor of this, our Last Will and Testament.

Lastly, we revoke all former wills made by us at any time.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 30th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1922.

On this 30th day of May A. D., one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-two, the Class of '22 of the city of Marine City, in the county of St. Clair, and the state of Michigan signed the foregoing instrument in my presence and declared it to be their Last Will and Testament, and as witness thereof, I do now, at their request, in their presence, hereto subscribe my name.

LEONARD R. VEAR (Notary).


JUNIORS

JUNIORS

President	Arthur Zimmerman
Vice-President	Aubrey Kirchner
Sec. and Treas.	Joseph Miller

Anna Laura Baird
Walter Baird
Grace Beauchamp
Roy Baker
Sarah Bean
Katharine Bower
Harold Bulgrin
Jack Dickinson
Calvin Diem
Hazel Folkerts
Mildred Heatherington
Edith Hopson
Milton Hunt
Harry Ingram
Volney Jones
George Johnson
Aubrey Kirchner
Easton Kirchner
Gerald Langell
Geraldine Langell
Hazen Langell
Thelma Long
Bernice MacDonald
Helen McMullen
Norma Mitchell
L. Z. Mitchell
Joseph Miller
Violet Ouellette
Clayton Parker
Aleda Peterson
Gordon Perrin
Leona Saph
Leda Shaw
Fern Smith
Roy Stark
Bernice Stark
Beulah Tedder
Everett Thomas
Katharine Vallier
Pearl Warner
Katharine Warwick
Bessie Young
Arthur Zimmermann



IMPORTANCE OF THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

WALTER L. BAIRD '23

The students of the high schools of the United States and the citizens of the future nation should be interested in what the Disarmament Conference, recently held at Washington, has accomplished, for when we take the task of the government on our shoulders, we must carry out the plans made for us by that great body of world leaders.

It proved to be a conference of a kind that has never taken place before in the history of the world. International co-operation, before said to be impossible, has now been proved to be a possibility by the way international problems were dealt with and by the spirit shown; international friendship, too, the greatest need of the world today, was strengthened. By reducing our navy and settling some of the causes for future wars, too, it is hoped that the minds of the citizens of all the nations will be turned from war to the problems of peace.

Problems which were not solved by the Versailles and other conferences were settled by the Disarmament Conference. Because of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, a rumor of war between Japan and the U. S. was growing. The reason for this rumor was that the people of the United States believed that Great Britain and Japan had made provision for dividing all Oriental trade, to the exclusion of United States and other nations. This difficulty was settled by replacing the Anglo-Japanese Alliance by the Four-Power Treaty. Another great problem, which had caused bitter feeling between Japan and China and has caused China even to go as far as to boycott Japanese goods, was the Shan-Tung question, which was settled by the direct negotiations of Japan and China. The enormous expansion of navies after the World War caused the conference to reduce them to the 5-5-3 ratio, introduced by our delegate, Charles Hughes, and also to pass a bill requiring the plans of a battleship to be published before it is constructed. This is only a brief summary of the problems that were settled at Washington—a settlement which will stand out in history, because accomplished by co-operation of the world's leading nations.


TWO ARMS AROUND
LIFE'S TRAGIC MOMENTS
MILTON
PEG
V.P.P.
MARG.
ELEANOR
SWEET ADALINE

THE HIGH SCHOOL FORD

High School, May 10, 1922.

To the Public:

YOU NEED A CAR. Business is returning to "normalcy," and you will find an increasing demand for a good car as your business prospects brighten.

The High School Ford is equipped with the best of materials, and you will find that none of the parts can be duplicated. This car is furnished in fuschia, periwinkle, watermelon, and dandelion.

At the recent Auto Show the 1922 model won the highest favor among "busy" business men.

There's a car ready to tag and ship as soon as we receive your order. Hurry!

Cheerily yours,

FLO WONSEY,
Saleslady.

P. S.—The various parts are listed below:

Steering Wheel	Elmer Kersten
Chauffeur (at your service)	Miss Hanford
Carburetor	Marie Baker
Bumper	Violet Oullette
Transmission	Marian Burrows
Fly Wheel	Rowena Joure
Clutch	Walter Barkey
Running Board	Adaline Foster
Self Starter	Mr. Pierce
Radiator	Margaret McKinney
Four (tired) wheels	Ted Young, Evelyn McDonald Sarah Bean, Mildred Arnold
Crank (Rotator)	Florence Wonsey
Tail Light	Bernice MacDonald
Exhaust	Florence Weng
Muffler	Donald Ackley
Horn	George (Crow)
Eccentric	Frederick Holmes
Brake	Mr. Thompson
Windshield	Grace Beauchamp
Shock Absorbers	Helen Joure, Edna Wissman
Differential	Miss Kline
Spark Plugs	Jack Perrin, Chas. Holland, Violet Shaw, Norene Bushaw
Speedometer	Doris Morse
Springs (easy going)	Ruby Bedford, Alma Horton
High Lights (very brilliant)	Eleanor Smith, Joseph Miller
Magneto	Mr. Vear
Axle Grease	Payne (Salve)



SOPH'S

SOPHOMORES

President Florence Wesbrook
Vice-President Chestly Osier
Sec. and Treas. Linwood Beattie

Leona Ames
Agnes Basney
Marguerite Black
Linwood Beattie
Frederick Becker
Raphael Bower
Clara Booth
Elmer Buckler
Freeda Cody
Terrence Conlin
Halcetia Currier
Eugenia Dewey
Ruth Diem
Peter Endres
Frederick Green
Clarence Heath
Amos Horton
Josephine Langell
Marion Lowes
Dorothy McCausland
Bertha Lobes
Leo McMullen
Evelyn McDonald
Erwin Miller
Helen McRae
Chestly Osier
Dorothy Sealby
Eleanor Schuett
Gladys Stark
Grace Smith
Leonard Smith
Leland Smith
Mariana Smith
Neil Smith
Ruth Schirmer
Harold Strablow
Stanley Thomas
Blanch Tucker
Florence Tedder
Helen Wesbrook
Ralph Wesbrook
Florence Wesbrook
Warner Westrick
Leora Wood



THE FIRST SNOW STORM

WARNER WESTRICK '24

There was a soft white light on the walls and ceiling of my room when I awoke. I recognized it at once—the reflection from snow. I drew aside both curtains and looked out.

"Oh, how beautiful!" I exclaimed, drawing deep breaths of the fine dry air.

It was the so-called "feather snow" that had fallen during the night. It powdered the massive drooping hemlock boughs, the spraying underbrush, the stiff-branched spruce, and the cedars that crowded the tall pines overstretching the steep gable above my window.

Just below me, about twenty feet from the house, was a creek, a backwater of the Saint Clair river, lying clear, unruffled, dark, and mirroring the snow-frosted cedars, hemlocks, and the spraying underbrush. Across its narrow width the small woods came down to the water, glowing crimson, flaunting orange, shimmering yellow beneath the light snow fall. Straight through these woods, and directly opposite my window a broad lane had been cut for the cows.

From a distance in the direction of the village came the sudden muffled clash of bells; then peal followed peal. The sun was fully an hour high. As I listened, I heard the soft soft drip, drip, that sounded the vanishing of the "feather snow."

I stood long at the window, for I knew that this glory was transient and that before another snowfall every crimson and yellow leaf would have fallen.

OUR BALLS

DOROTHY MCCAUSLAND '24

Just balls! But what an interesting subject to write about. There are balls of every size and description—plain balls, fancy balls, low balls, high balls, hard balls, soft balls, large balls, small balls, and balls of every color.

A child's first plaything is a ball and it proceeds to bawl it's way through infancy.

Ball bearings are used in the skates which carry the child to the pop corn wagon, to the red balls and small gum balls which so delight the eye and are the terror of fond mothers. The ball of twine also plays a small part in the young child's life during kite season.

During later years come croquet, tennis, basket, base, golf, and the football, all muscle developers. And in all stages of a youth's life come snow balls.

A dress suit, a girl, and a knowledge of dancing are needed in society's balls. In attending these balls beware of the highballs which are dangerous and often lead to the shop of three balls.

In some walks of life a crystal ball is needed either to confirm or to find a future for the unlucky person without one. After years require the ball of yarn which will never become an old story. In war the cannon ball plays a very important part.

Small balls are necessary in some cases, such as the moth ball which prevents the moth from committing suicide.

After all these balls and balls, please don't get balled up but come back to earth, which is only a large ball after all.

YOUR FIRST SPEECH

STANLEY L. THOMAS '24

After adjusting your collar and tie, and seeing that your hair is combed just so, you work up what is known as a Bold Front.

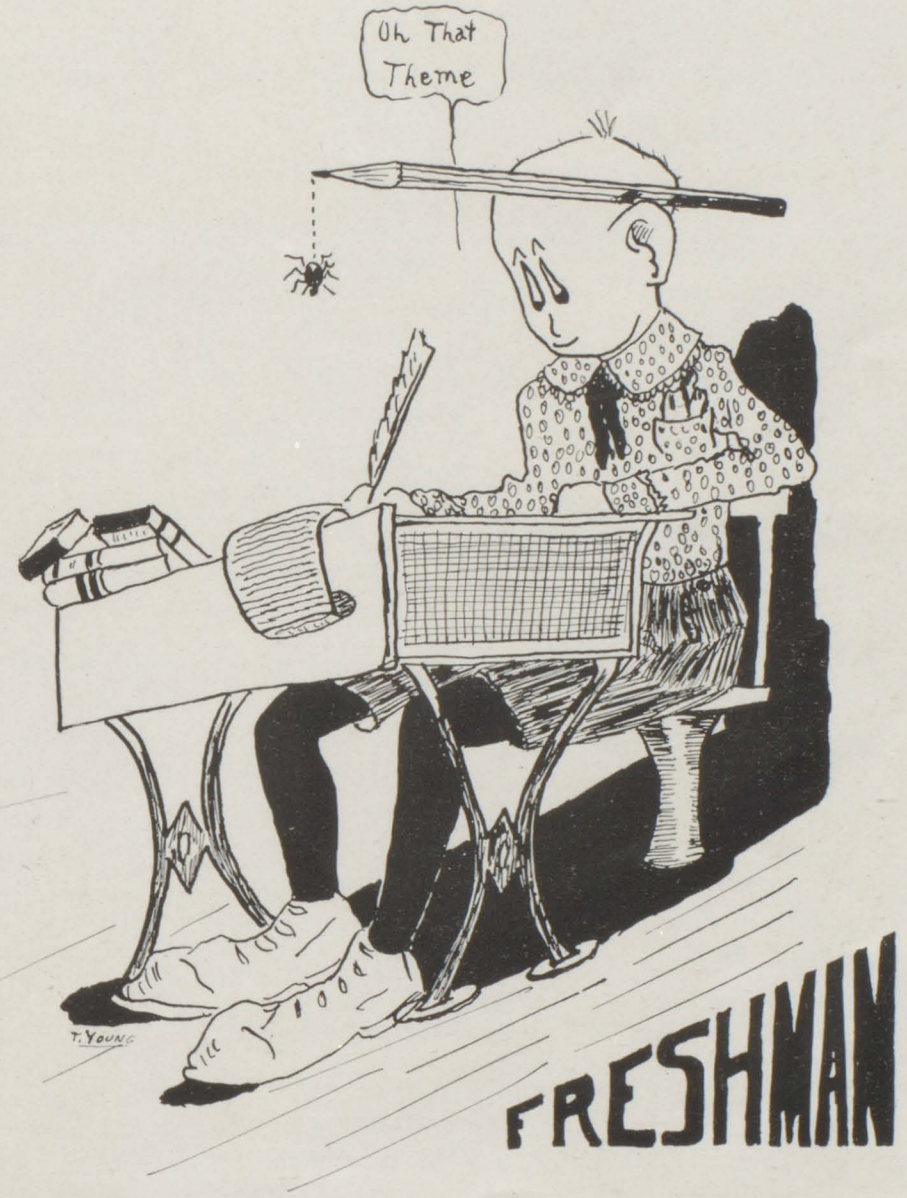
There! Your name was called. You rise. Every one has his eyes upon you. Oh, if you could only hide! But it is too late; you must go through with it.

Your knees knocking, your face red, you step very heavily upon the platform. Then facing the audience, "Ahem," you try your voice. It worked! So you stammer out the first few words of your speech, confidence growing all the time, when all at once you think someone is staring at you from behind. You get weak and shake and finally reason it must be all imagination, and so you go on.

Glancing around the room as you talk, your eyes fall upon a very pretty girl. She is looking at you, which makes you more nervous than before. Her eyes are fascinating, and the look she gives you fairly makes you wither. You think you surely have made some mistake, but it is too late now to make corrections, and so you struggle along.

You have finished! What a relief! You step down off the platform and every one applauds you, so that you feel that after all it was a great success. Immediately you throw out your chest and march to your seat, feeling sure that you are the Man of the Hour.


COM.
HOT DOG!
SWEET
NOTHINGS
SENIORS - ALL
THREE OF A KIND
AUB. AND EAST.


Oh That Theme
T. YOUNG
FRESHMAN

FRESHMEN

President	jean scott
Vice-President	nellie becker
Sec. and Treas.	jack mckinney

chester arnold
gordon arnold
everett arnold
beatrice bassett
betty bower
nellie becker
bruce beattie
edna baker
george butler
ella cottrell
irene cottrell
charlotte cohrs
albert daniels
ruth de loney
marie duchane
david foster
lillian grainger
ruth guillett
jack hebert
mae horton
robert henry
mildred hasler
carl jacobi
harvey jones
emma joure
laura jacobi
valerie kirchner
roy kenyon
norman lavely
hazel foster

helen long
myron lindner
olive lobes
beatrice lozen
mary marks
charles morse
ruth may
mina mehlberg
hazel mcdonald
kenneth macdonald
jack mckinney
florence mcneil
reuben prange
florence rose
helen scott
jean scott
stanley schriner
gerald schriner
evelyn smith
anna schuett
russel stark
florence stark
charlotte ticknor
marguerite thomas
irene thomas
marie yax
loma zaetsch
lucille zaetsch
leo zweng
julius zink



THE CLASS ALPHABET

RUTH MAY AND HELEN SCOTT '25

Arnold to right of us,
Arnold to left of us,
Arnold in front of us,
Volley'd and thundered.

The class need never know hunger
For there's a Becker and Baker,
Food is served in the Bower, by the Butler,
And Beattie, the Bass-ett his supper.

And the Cottrells leave their apple Cohrs
In the den where Daniels' lion roars.
But Duchane and Foster see no danger,
Nor does our fearless friend Miss Grainger.

There's Hebert and Horton and Henry the Great
Jones, Joure and Jacobi who never are late.
Carl Jacobi, the foot ball star,
When you give him the ball he runs very far.

Of K's there is Kirchner, who's not very Long,
Lozen, Lobes, Lindner to the class belong.
Of MacDonalds there's two, one long and one short,
McKinney, May, Morse good Marks do report.

McNeil and Mehlberg and Florence Rose,
Do, before Reuben Prange very gracefully pose.
Starks, Schriners and Scotts each have two,
But Smiths and Schuetts are very few.

The T's contain Ticknor of basketball fame,
And Thomas, whose manner is always the same.
We will end with the Z's, a Zweng and a Zink
Two Zaetschs, and that's all, we think.

FRESHMEN CLASS OF 1921

MAE HORTON '25

We entered this class in '21,
And surely planned on having fun,
But after a month of solid work,
We found we had no time to shirk.

For English class we have Miss Abbott.
If we pass a note she's sure to grab it.
When we find we get D-plus
She simply says its up to us.

History class has a difficult task,
To learn the presidents from first to last.
And every month we have a test,
To see which pupil is the best.

In Algebra I cannot see,
How X equals Y can ever be;
But our teacher says if we just try
We will surely find the reason why.

In Domestic Science we cook and eat,
And in making biscuits we can't be "beat,"
But when the time comes to wash the dishes,
Not one of us is at all ambitious.

In geography class we study stars,
And learn a great deal of Venus and Mars;
We study mountains, lake and cloud,
And never talk so very loud.

MINOR SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The Senior Play

The Seniors are to present the comedy, "When Smith Stepped Out," some time the latter part of May, under the expert tutelage of Mr. Vear. The cast at the time of going to press is somewhat tentative, but will probably be as follows:

Uncle Bill	Fred Holmes
Miss Winslow	Rowena Joure
Bob	George Crow
Muriel	Marian Burrows
George	Walter Barkey
Nellie	Violet Shaw
Hilda	Florence Wonsey
Keene	Elmer Kersten

The Senior Gazette

One of the many noteworthy accomplishments of the Senior class of twenty-two was the editing and publishing of a high school newspaper, the Senior Gazette. The entire class participated in the necessary work, and the English class room, for the time, took on the aspect of a newspaper office. It was published in two installments, by reading it before the assembled Junior and Senior high schools. The reading took the form of a dialogue between two college students, Phil North, alias Walter Barkey, and Don Vinton, alias Frederick Holmes.

The following students were included on the staff:

Elmer Kersten	Editor-in-Chief
Theodore Young	Business Manager
Margaret McKinney	Joke Editor
Florence Weng	Assistant Joke Editor
Marion Burrows	News Editor
Doris Morse	Assistant News Editor
Rowena Joure	Editorial Writer
Florence Wonsey	Novelist
Walter Barkey	Editor of Woman's Page
Norene Bushaw	School-talk Editor
Ruby Bedford	Bedtime Tale
Marie Baker	Letter-box Editor

To give our readers some idea of its appearance and contents, we present on the two following pages a facsimile of the first and last pages of the Senior Gazette.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

THE SENIOR GAZETTE

VOL. IXL Marine City, Michigan, November 28, 1921 No. 23

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

ON FOREIGN SHORES

Special to Senior Gazette, Nov. 23. On an early day in November we set sail from Marine City on the "Katharine M" for Sombra, Ontario, a province of the British Empire. It was a beautiful day; the sun shone brightly, and the wind blew gently over the broad expanse of water. The voyage, on the whole, was delightful—no cases of seasickness being reported. We sighted land in the afternoon of November 28. Darkness came as we sailed into the harbor, and the lights of Sombra shone brightly against the wintry sky.

As we left the ship we were accosted by the Customs Officer, who, thinking we were suspicious looking characters, questioned us concerning our past, present, and probable future. Passing from the Custom House we ascended the broad white marble steps, from which point of vantage we obtained our first glimpse of a foreign country.

The first building of this great metropolis that held our awestruck admiration was the Grand Union Hotel, rising story upon story into the air, beside which we felt as though we were mere pygmies. Though less magnificent in appearance, the huge department store next drew our attention. We entered the edifice of Hargrave and Doan, and gazed in astonishment at the long rows of boots and galoshes, groceries and dishes. After feasting our eyes for a time upon the displayed wares, we quitted the establishment and waded across the avenue to gain a closer view of the bank building which we had seen in the distance. As we picked our way past this structure, holding our skirts high, we could see through the windows the rich and polished furnishings of the interior.

The most striking feature in this metropolis was its mode of transportation. As we drew near the main business district, we observed, much to our surprise, long lines of waiting horses tied to old-fashioned hitching posts. Every now and then a horseman would dash madly down the main thoroughfares, bespattering the pedestrians with mud and water.

Tired and hungry from our long journey, we returned to the wharf for our baggage that we might make ourselves comfortable for the night. As we neared the Custom House our gaze fell upon a large statue of a lion placed on the roof of the building. Our curosity greatly excited by the strange sight, we inquired of the officer inside, and he gave us the following account of the lion's history:

"The lion was originally the figure-head of the American Steamer Faxon, which burned at the salt-block a few years ago. I was present at the fire. In the excitement following the discovery of the blaze, unnoticed by the crew, I pried the lion from its resting place and threw it overboard. The current carried the image swiftly away, so I leaped into my boat, pursued and recovered it. I gave it to my two cronies, table-manufacturers in Marine City, from whom it was stolen by the Hook and Ladder boys, who had discovered its hiding place under the lumber piles. They, in turn, hid it in the City Hall. A friend of mine gave me the tip as to its whereabouts; so one dark and rainy night I crossed the river, stole into the City Hall, gathered the remains into a bushel basket and returned home.

"For many a long day I was busied in my little work-shop putting the broken parts together. When this long task was completed, I covered the image with several coats of varnish and bronze paint. As the only appropriate place for the symbol of England was the Custom House, the boys aided me in hoisting it to its present resting place on that building."

After hearing and enjoying this narrative, we secured our luggage, and sought a well earned rest.

MARIAN BURROWS AND DORIS MORSE.

NEW MEMBER IN SENIOR CLASS

Fred Holmes has returned to school and will graduate with the Class of "22." This makes a total number of 26 members.

Report cards will soon be passed out—here's hoping that everyone gets an "A."

PURPOSE OF BRIAND'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON

Special Staff Cor. Wash., D. C. Briand, the prime minister of France, has come to Washington to take part in the Disarmament Conference in which he will present France's view as to land armaments.

He begins by saying that France wishes to be the foe of no nation; in fact, although she does not wish to have anything to do with the Hohenzollerns, it is her sole desire to have long and continued peace with Germany.

Many of the Germans wish to have a peace founded on a Democratic basis. Briand makes the statement that this is the Germany to which the world may look forward with hope.

Not only must we have physical disarmament, but we must have moral disarmament as well. There must be an atmosphere filled with peace. We must get along with our neighbors, and co-operate with them in the building of a finer and stronger nation.

The hall in which the Conference took place was crowded. Many of the leading men of the seven great Powers attended for the purpose of presenting their country's views in the Disarmament question.

If the seven great Powers agree, it will bring the countries in closer contact with each other, thus removing pride, fear and jealousy, which are always found to be the cause of war, and if this is done, the countries will work together and become like one great organization, all moving toward the same goal, bringing the world to peace again.

HELEN JOURE.

OUR NEW CLOCK

A Hansen Electric Program Clock stands in the main hall of the high school, and is sincerely appreciated by both the faculty and student body. It not only keeps excellent time but sounds an alarm at the beginning and end of each class period. The bell which sounds the signals can be arranged to ring at any designated time.

This splendid clock stands as a memorial to the Senior Class of 1921, a class noted for two things—energy and EFFICIENCY.

Mr. H. B. Thompson, superintendent of the Marine City public schools, disappeared Monday, November 28th. He had accompanied the "Y" boys to the Y. M. C. A. conference held in Saginaw, Michigan, and it was not until the boys returned that his absence was discovered. Notice was given throughout the country, and although Chief of Police J. Arnold and his entire force have worked diligently on the case, no important clues have been uncovered. He was last seen by Elmer Kersten, descending the steps of the Conference building.

Consternation reigned in the Marine City high school when his disappearance was made known. Pupils raced madly up and down the stairs, and wild rumors of a general holiday were current.

Although the police have, as yet, found no clues, they entertain hopes of locating the missing man within a few days.

MARINE CITY NEEDS A BETTER SCHOOL

The schools, especially the high school of Marine City, are not up to standard, but they can't be until more class rooms and subjects are provided for. This means a new school building. At present there is not room for all in the assemblies, and so some have to sit in class rooms. This means that they don't get the announcements or any helpful hints spoken of before the students. Still worse, it means that classes are not all assembled together, some of each class being in the assembly while the rest are scattered in other rooms. Because of lack of room it is impossible to have good ventilation. There are over twice as many students in some rooms as there is air-space for. Therefore, it can be seen that the lack of room not only hinders education but also destroys health.

Besides the lack of school rooms, a "gym" is lacking. How can the physical side of students be developed when there is no provision for it? We must have physically fit students before we can have students of high mentality. The only way to get them is to provide good schools. The students can do most towards getting a new school by convincing the voters of the state of the schools. It is up to you then, and let's see you do your part. Try, and you can't help but win.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR MARINE CITY POLICE!

Special to Senior Gazette—Mr. H. B. Thompson, superintendent of the Marine City public schools, returned 8:15, Tuesday morning, November 29, 1921, as mysteriously as he disappeared.

SCHOOL TALK

A Fine Feed

The Y. M. C. A. had a feed here Monday night and the cooks were exceptionally good. You ought to see Aubrey and Payne peel potatoes. They are experts now. Biscuits—Walter Barkey excels all! If you noticed Tuesday, several of the boys were absent as the result of the good cooking, and every doctor in town has been busy day and night since.

A Serious Accident

A very serious accident occurred in the basement dining room of the school Monday evening, November 29th, at 6:30, when Elmer Kersten was hit with one of Walter Barkey's biscuits. Concussion of the brain is feared.

Christmas Seals For Sale

The Y. W. C. L. is selling Christmas seals and everyone is requested to buy.

Junior Boys Block Traffic

The local police are kept busy making the crowd of Junior boys "move on" to keep them from blocking the traffic in front of Scott's window since it has been decorated with Christmas toys.

Y. W. C. L. Social Evening

The Y. W. C. L. held its first social evening in the palatial dining room in the M. C. H. S. basement from 7:30 to 10:30. An eight-course dinner was served to the ladies. It consisted of cream of celery soup, fruit cocktail, cream lobster in timbales, turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, hot rolls and butter, cranberries, creamed cauliflower, olives, pickles, head-lettuce, salad with thousand island dressing, salted wafers, maple mousse, whipped-cream cake, and coffee.

This is but the first of a long series of banquets to be given to this new organization.

The Latest in Etiquette

It is said that three of the Marine City delegates in Saginaw were entertained at a millionaire's home and at the end of a course dinner drank from the finger-bowls.

HELPFUL HINTS TO WOMEN

USE THE BANDOLINE that is sold at Springborn's Drug Store. The directions are on the bottle; this is good stuff because it will make your hair come out faster. Bandoline is made especially for those girls that have bobbed hair. It plasters the hair down better.

If the girls will use Lorainne hair nets they will be much better satisfied, because the holes in the net are larger.

(Life's Greatest Achievement) Bluffing in Physics Class.

(Famous Words of Famous Seniors) I didn't hear the question.

(Life's Tragic Moments) Getting your report card.

Ruby Bedford—"What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Ted Young—"A centipede with chilblains."

CONTINUED FROM WOMAN'S PAGE

Recipes

Buns

Materials needed:
2 rats.
3 strands of hair.
7 hair pins.

Stir the rats well, then roll them in the hair until they are tight to the head, then put the hair pins in where it feels loose. This is sufficient for one side. Repeat for the other. Practice makes perfect.

Alma Horton.

Recipe for an F.....

1 grouchy streak.
2 cups of carelessness.

Boil down, and when cooled add two ounces of "thoughts of the dance" and mix well. Then use 1 bottle of ink, 1 pen and 3 sheets of paper. By means of the pen and ink put the first mixture on the paper, sprinkling with a few grains of knowledge to improve the looks. Then put in the receiving basket and let stand for two days. The result will be sufficient to serve one, but you will wish it had served someone else.

Eleanor Smith.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Don't eat too much candy now; wait until the Seniors give their next candy sale.

All girls who wish to learn cooking see Walt Barkey. (Generally found at Beans).

People wishing to obtain an unbreakable mirror see P. Saph or Aubrey Kirchner.

Girls wishing to obtain the secret of beauty, see Margaret McKinney.

Elmer Kersten can fit anyone in shoes. His specialty is women's shoes.

See yourself on paper. Ted Young.

Dancing Instructor.
Lesson 8 to 9 o'clock Monday evenings. Norene Bushaw.

See your house before it is built. Don Ackley—Architect.

Lessons on How to Become a Perfect Lover. Demonstrations offered on Broadway.—George Crow.

Ladies wishing to learn the knack of making spit curls see—Mid Arnold.

Boys or Girls ought to know how to tie bow ties; for particulars in this art, see V. P. PIERCE.

Boys Look Beautiful

See Walt Barkey and have your hair marcelled. Recommended by Harry Ingram.

WANTED

Order.....Miss Conrad

More Power....V. P. Pierce

To Be as Good as I am Beautiful.....
Norene Bushaw

More Examinations, so I Won't Have to Take Them.....Mid Arnold

To Grow a Little More
Walt. Barkey

More Time Before School.....George Crow

To B Elected President of U. S. in 1940
Miss Hanford

A Lot of Good Things to Eat.....Ted Young

An Alarm Clock
Sarah Bean

To B Called Mrs.
Adaline Foster and Eleanor Smith

A Former Resident to Come Home from Ann Arbor..Marg. McKinney

A Good Method of Approach.....Mr. Lefler

A Trip to Olivet
Violet Shaw

A Vanity Box..Doris Morse

Protection.....Junior Class

A Quarrel....Elmer Kersten

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—By Ted Young, his balance in English Class.

Found—By same student, a place on the floor.

Lost—A fountain pen belonging "to a Sophomore with a gold clip."

Lost—Footsteps.

Lost—By A. and E. Kirchner—a sister.

AUTOMOBILE CATALOGUE

MARGARET MCKINNEY

MAKE	EXHAUST	GAS	SPARK	DESTINATION
Mid	Gee whiz!	Chewing gum	Sombra, Ont.	Leader of Arnold's Original Orchestra
Don	Aw, naw!	Cooking	Theodore's	To get a lesson in Trig.
Ruby	Spiffy!	?	D. U. R.	Grand Opera
Slim	Can you imagine it?	Driving	Y. W. C. L. Headquarters	Home, Sweet Home
Marian	You tell 'em!	Getting in good	In Dreamland	The Little Red Schoolhouse
Lulla	Why, I don't know!	Answering the telephone	Standard Oil Station	Kitchen Cabinetology
Alma	Sure!	Catching the car	Smith's Crossing	Farmerette
Marg	Let's vamp him!	Dancing	Physics Lab.	Conductorette
Walt	Suffering cats!	Tutoring	Bean's	Human Fly
Flo	I'll say!	Making candy	Commercial Room	Authoress
Com	Oh, that's my specialty!	Bluffing	Sutton's	Astrologist
Flossie	That's rare!	Talking	Home	Suffragette
Chuck	Bughouse Fables!	Writing Notes	U never can tell	Fighting Parson
Vie	Good night!	Knockin' 'em cold	Post Office	Private Secretary
Temp	Just a minute!	Calling long distance	Saint Clair	Prize Fighter
Adaline	Oh, my goodness!	Making baskets	Bakery	Missionary
Smithy	That's what I say!	Studying	Foster's	Prima Donna
Jack	Let's make a date!	Getting by	Springborn's	Cartoonist
Theodore	That makes me tired!	Getting canned	River Road	Comedian
Sapher	Fat chance!	Picking chickens	Port Huron	Impersonator
Elmer	Say, old thing!	Buying gum at Reffie's	Marcero's	Chiropodist
Helen	Of all the nerve!	Arguing	Show	Elocutionist
Row	Come here a minute!	Playing jacks	Basket Ball practice	Vampire
Doris	Oh say, listen!	Giving advice	English Class Room	?
Edna	Oh say——	Gathering eggs	Library	Country School Teacher
Marie	Surely	Primping	Joure's	Social Butterfly

BOYS' ATHLETICS

ELMER KERSTEN AND CHARLES HOLLAND

Football

The 1922 team was able to uphold the established reputation of Marine City in this greatest of American sports, as it won all but three of the season's games. In this triumph, however, the coaching of Lefler must be counted as the chief factor, as he gave the team a style of play more diversified than that of any other eleven in Saint Clair County, resulting in a strong offense and defense, which were largely responsible for the six out of nine score.

SCHEDULE

Holy Redeemer	6	M. C. H. S.	12	There
Memphis	0	M. C. H. S.	21	Here
Port Huron	20	M. C. H. S.	6	Here
Mt. Clemens	14	M. C. H. S.	26	There
Holy Redeemer	0	M. C. H. S.	55	Here
River Rouge	0	M. C. H. S.	79	Here
Saint Clair	0	M. C. H. S.	20	There
Dearborn	7	M. C. H. S.	6	Here
Hamtramck	20	M. C. H. S.	0	There
	67		225	

LINE-UP STARTING LAST GAME

Jack Perrin	Left End
Payne Saph	Left Tackle
Jack Dickinson	Left Guard
Walter Barkey, Capt.	Center
Everett Thomas	Right Guard
Calvin Diem	Right Tackle
Chestly Osier	Right End
Arthur Zimmermann	Quarter-back
Volney Jones	Left Back
Aubrey Kirchner	Full-back
Charles Holland	Right Half

Substitutes

Easton Kirchner	L. E., L. H.
Carl Jacobi	R. H., Q.
George Johnson	L. G.
Gordon Perrin	End
Roy Kenyon	Guard



Basketball

Once more we have had a fairly good season on the basketball floor. Most of this year's material was inexperienced, but through hard coaching by Coach Lefler, the team won five victories out of ten games played.

As we lose but one player this year, we are promised a much better season in 1923.

SCHEDULE

Redford	24	M. C. H. S.	18	There
Memphis	21	M. C. H. S.	10	There
Hamtramck	17	M. C. H. S.	15	There
Commerce	17	M. C. H. S.	15	Here
Croswell	26	M. C. H. S.	21	There
Memphis	10	M. C. H. S.	33	Here
Croswell	18	M. C. H. S.	43	Here
Hamtramck	21	M. C. H. S.	17	Here
Sarnia	19	M. C. H. S.	25	There
Tarrely Sports	22	M. C. H. S.	32	Here

LINE-UP

Walter Barkey	Center
Aubrey Kirchner (Captain)	Guard R.
Arthur Zimmermann	Guard L.
Carl Jacobi	Guard (sub)
Easton Kirchner	Forward R.
Chestly Osier	Forward L.
Fred Becker	Forward (sub)

Baseball 1921-22

Though we began the 1921 season with brilliant prospects, through injuries to the players we were obliged to be content with mediocre success.

Our only veteran pitcher, George Zimmermann, hurt his pitching arm during the Memphis game here and was forced to take one of the infielding positions. The work of Aubrey Kirchner, who took up the pitching burden, was exceptionally brilliant, and with the coming baseball season he should develop into one of the best pitchers in school circles.

A very fine schedule has been arranged for this year, and under the coaching of Mr. Vear, prospects are bright for a good team and a successful season.

LINE-UP

Charles Holland	Catcher
George Zimmermann	Pitcher
Easton Kirchner	First Base
Aubrey Kirchner	Second Base
Carl Jacobi	Third Base
Chestly Osier	Short Stop
Harry Foster	Right Field
Harold Basney	Center Field
Elmer Kersten	Left Field


M
M
M
M
22

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Rowena Joure)

Under the excellent coaching of Miss Hooper and Mr. Lefler, the girls of M. C. H. S. basket ball team played and won many games during the season.

A few weeks after school began in September, the girls met and elected their captain, Rowena Joure. After a few weeks of practice, their first game was played with Algonac. This game was lost by a score of one point. The other games following this one with Port Huron, Saint Clair, Marysville, Marysville, return, and Port Huron, return, were won by a large score. Lost by a small score were the games with Algonac, return, and Richmond.



LINE-UP

Forwards—Charlotte Ticknor, Florence Weng, Rowena Joure (Captain).
Centers—Lillian Grainger, Helen McMullen, Adaline Foster.
Guards—Ruth Diem, Nellie Becker, Anna Laura Baird.

Track

Last year's track team did not have the success that our former teams have had, but the efforts made were not in vain, for the County meet at Tashmoo—in which our team was defeated (in spite of the efficient training received under Coach Beeman) largely because of injuries sustained by Holland and Zimmermann—developed so much interest in and enthusiasm for the events in the school at large that it is hoped that this year will bring us success, inasmuch as the splendid material developing would warrant us in expecting a higher place.

EVENTS

	Place
George Zimmermann—	
50 yard dash	2
100 yard dash	3
220 yard dash	2
High jump	0
Javelin	0
Elmer Kersten—	
50 yard dash	0
100 yard dash	0
220 yard dash	0
Charles Holland—	
440 yard dash	2
880 yard dash	0
Easton Kirchner—	
Pole Vault	3
Broad Jump	0
Aubrey Kirchner—	
Pole Vault	2
Shot Put	1
Javelin	0
Kenneth McDonald—	
440 yard dash	0
880 yard dash	3

DEBATING

HAZEL FOLKERTS '23

Through the activity of the department of Public Speaking, the University of Michigan has won a national reputation in the training of winning teams in the field of intercollegiate debate. High School debating has been more and more commanding the attention of teachers in the high schools, and with this in mind, the Board of Regents authorized the organization of a State High School Debating League, under the general direction of the University of Michigan Extension Division, in co-operation with the department of Public Speaking and the Literary Extension Service. All schools debate each year upon the same question, which this year is: "Resolved, That the principle of the Closed Shop in American industry should receive the support of public opinion." Inter-Scholastic debates are held in two series. The first is a point-winning series in which each school debates four or five times, win or lose. Each judge's decision counts one point and the victory counts one point. At the end of this series of debates the sixteen schools having the largest number of points go through an elimination series, the losing schools in each debate dropping out of the schedule.

This debating league began its fifth year of work in October 1921, with Marine City High School entering, the work being done under the Supervision of State Manager, Professor Ray K. Immel. The schedule was worked out by Professor Immel, who paired the schools off for five different debates. Opportunity was given to debate both sides of the question, and, with few exceptions, no school was paired with another twice. Marine City's team for 1922 was scheduled thus: Two debates with St. Clair, two with Birmingham, and one with Ferndale.

The schedule was worked out by Professor Immel, who paired the schools off for five different debates. Opportunity was given to debate both sides of the question, and, with few exceptions, no school was paired with another twice. Marine City's team for 1922 was scheduled thus: Two debates with St. Clair, two with Birmingham, and one with Ferndale.

The local affirmative is represented by Florence Wesbrook, Anna Laura Baird and Ruth May, while the local negative is supported by Josephine Langell, and Hazel Folkerts as alternate.

Under the direction of Mrs. Beeman, the local team has been doing splendid work, winning two out of three debates so far, one being won by a unanimous vote, the other two by a two to one vote.



THE Y. W. C. A.

NORENE BUSHAW

The world-wide need for Christian motherhood has met a response in the Y. W. C. A. As a part of their nation-wide efforts to meet this need, quite recently an organization has been started here which is affiliated closely with the school, in as much as it is made up largely of school girls. Five groups have been organized under capable leadership, each group having its own name, constitution, officers, and definite program. In this way the older girls are trained for initiative leadership. At present it is under the Y. M. C. A., but in time may be under the Y. W. C. A. At the present time the material is inadequate, but in the near future more will be available.

The study of psychology has proved that the training received in the early 'teens remains fixed. Therefore, the training given by the "Y," or the four-fold program for the girl, brings great results, for it provides for development along four lines: spiritual, mental, social, and physical. It is a plan to chart each girl in order to develop her weaker tendencies.

Among the plans for creating interest and benefiting all concerned are the organization of a County "Y" Camp along the lake this summer and a Mother and Daughter banquet.

Definite results are being hoped for and will be obtained if the parents and girls co-operate. We hope that in time every girl in Marine City will be under "Y" leadership, with the result that she will go out into life with a healthy and vigorous mind and body, fitted for Christian Motherhood and Christian Citizenship.

THE STATE OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE

STANLEY THOMAS

One of the many things a boy looks forward to each year is the State Older Boys' Conference.

It was held at Saginaw this year. The churches and people in general extended a very hearty welcome to the eighteen hundred boys who attended the conference. One of the churches had programs which read as follows:

"We extend the heartiest kind of welcome to the fine army of boys who have made a peaceful invasion of our city. We surrender unconditionally. Here are our hearts, our homes, and everything else we can offer. We suspect that every Saginaw family that is entertaining boys thinks it has the finest of them all. Very well, we'll not quarrel. We earnestly hope that every boy will enjoy himself as much as does his host. The man with the broadest smile in town these days is Secretary Martin. He's got to be Dad to the whole bunch, and he feels mighty proud of his opportunity. And he's a fine kind of Dad to have, too. We welcome the boys to our service this morning with a prayer that they may receive a great blessing as they, with us, worship our Heavenly Father."

The conference theme was, "The Will of God," and the best speakers both within and outside the State were procured to drive its message home. Among the speakers whom we were privileged to hear was Jimmie Taylor, formerly a soldier of Great Britain and overseas "Y" secretary—now army Y. M. C. A. secretary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Another was Capt. Gypsy Pat Smith, born of Romany parents, an officer in the British army—now engaged in evangelistic work in this country. The leading speaker was Rev. Stephen K. Mahon, pastor of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, Toledo, Ohio. These three were outside state speakers, and I am sure every boy was impressed by the interesting talks they gave.

Next year the conference is to be held in the Cereal City (Battle Creek), and it is certain that others besides the eleven delegates from Marine City this year will be anxious to attend.

A TRIP TO THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP

J. C. Miller

Although the five, Mr. May, Walt Barkey, George Crow, Harry Ingram, and Arthur Zimmermann, beside myself, who went to Hay-O-Went-Ha, are usually quite honest and reliable, no two can now give accounts of the trip which are alike in more than the facts that we left home, arrived at the camp, stayed awhile, left, and came back home. The story as told by one of these gentlemen would be all right, if you hadn't talked with the rest of them. Because of these things, and a desire to do justice to all, I have put down here what might be called the average of all the stories told by my fellow-campers, corrected, of course, by my own impressions.

Anyway, all agree that we started one day in the latter part of June in Mr. May's 1913 model Ford, which was, as Walt said when we started, "A right good Ford for the shape she's in." Later he gave several other descriptions of the same Ford, which, although they were longer, more eloquent and less flattering, were nevertheless heartily agreed to by the other members of the party. Several times that afternoon it became necessary to repair the Ford with material from some convenient fence, but about nine o'clock we arrived at Murphy's Lake, where we planned to spend the night. After a swim in the lake, we settled down for a good sleep, but the mosquitoes decided otherwise. Because of the success which those mosquitoes had in finding us and getting under our blankets, we now believe the story that mosquitoes use fireflies to locate their victims. About midnight we left that place, and after pushing the Ford a way and routing a man out of bed to get some gas, we managed to reach Saginaw at three A. M. As the Ford was going well, we kept on. That afternoon we pushed the Ford over what seemed to us to be every hill in or around Cadillac county, and finally arrived in Traverse City at eleven P.M. There we stayed at a hotel that had a fire escape for every room, consisting of a rope fastened on a hook under the window, although in our room the rope wasn't. In spite of this and the excelsior mattress, we slept well, and, after the first rest we had had, started next morning feeling enthusiastic once more. Pushing the Ford over more hills and a stop of several hours repairing

tires soon quenched this feeling however. We did have some luck though, for we arrived in camp just at supper time.

According to the camp folder, one boy said concerning the camp, "After attending Hay-O-Went-Ha, I learned to appreciate my home." But it really isn't as bad as that. Because of its situation on Torch Lake and in the center of the Michigan pine country, this is considered one of the best camps of its kind in the United States. The camp buildings consist of a club-house, where some of the meetings are held, the office and camp store, and the dining lodge. Contrary to the belief of most of the boys who go there, there is a complete program occupying the whole day. After reveille in the morning, comes a dip in the lake. Then the bedding is hung out, and everyone rushes to the dining lodge. After breakfast the tents are put in shape for inspection. A short meeting is held in the club-house, followed by Bible study and games, in which the whole camp takes part. A swim and dinner follow this. For a while after dinner no one feels like doing much, so that the time is spent in reading, writing, or in telling stories, but about two o'clock a ball game and several tennis matches start on the diamond and courts back of the camp. At four o'clock comes another swim, following which the tents are cleaned for afternoon inspection. After supper, which follows inspection, and before the camp fire, which comes after dark, there is usually crew boat practice, a checker game, or a horseshoe match to keep you busy. At the camp fire songs are sung, some man prominent in "Y" work speaks, or one of the tents puts on a stunt. Then everyone turns in, and when taps are blown, the lights are put out. It is needless to say that a case of sleeplessness was never reported in this camp. About the camp spirit, ask anyone who has been there.

After ten days of this life we left camp one morning, taking with us a good part of the camp supplies. Except for having to push the Ford over a few hills, we did well that morning, and in the afternoon crossed the Plains. Late in the afternoon we bought a loaf of bread, some bacon, and jam and went on, planning to stay at Sage Lake that night, but when we got there and found that there was no place suitable, we turned around. After stopping at several deserted farm houses, only to find there was no water at any, we finally camped at a little log school house, closed for the summer, a fact which didn't bother us much (we had a hatchet). After borrowing some of their firewood to cook our bacon and a fish Walt had caught, we crawled in and went to sleep. As we started early the next morning we made great progress, namely, sixteen miles. In the afternoon we pushed the Ford to a garage, where we had it repaired, after which it ran better so that we arrived in Bay City at eight P.M. After getting our supper we went on, and by buying a lantern to hang on the Ford for a light, we managed to keep going most of the night, and by six the next morning we reached our homes—homes appreciated as never before.

"CAMP-GOOD-TIME"

WALTER L. BAIRD

County camp, one of the organizations of the Y. M. C. A. was held in Lapeer county from June 28 to July 2, with thirteen fellows representing Marine City. The inter-county camp, a combination of the two counties, St. Clair and

Lapeer, was situated on a bluff overlooking a large inland lake, called Lake Mitchell.

The program was the same as for the state camp, Hay-O-Went-Ha, except that it was run on a smaller scale. A brief outline is as follows: Reveille, setting up exercises, morning dip, breakfast, Bible study, morning games, swim—special for beginners—dinner, silent hour, afternoon sports, evening swim, supper, camp-fire—one of the interesting features of camp; after camp-fire everyone was to be in, with lights out at 9:30. Besides this program, or included in it, were some especially enjoyable features of camp life: the swimming instructor, who was a student from the University of Michigan, showed the fellows some of his fancy swimming; fishing in Lake Mitchell—a sport which made the campers hate to leave for home, because the fish seemed to bite so much better there than in the St. Clair river; and the crowning athletic event—a field meet, which was held the day before camp broke up, with every fellow taking part and doing his best to win a letter.

Camp-fire was held every evening, with a different kind of program each time; it consisted of lectures by the outstanding men or fellows of the two counties, a talk by the representatives of each city, the reading of the camp paper, and —most humorous of all—stunt night, when George Zimmermann's tent, number five, carried away the prize for having the best stunt.

FUNNY BONE TICKLERS

MARGARET MCKINNEY

The Freshie is green on the surface,
The Sophomore's polished a bit,
The Junior's right there if there's fun in the air.
The Seniors are simply it.

—*Occident.*

(Miss Hanford reading from "Lincoln, Master of Men): "Why is President Lincoln like a mariner on a desolate shore?"

Jack Perrin—"Because he looks to Seward (seaward)."

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss."

Grace Beauchamp—"Really, do you think so?"

F. Holmes—"Speaking of Galileo, makes me think——."

T. Young—"Really, isn't it wonderful what Science will do."

INSEPARABLES

Florence Weng and her laugh.
Katharine Bower and Sarah Bean.
Miss Hanford and her weekly tests.
Mr. Pierce and his "bricks."
Violet Shaw and her "Well, Goodnight."
Margaret McKinney and her blushes.
Charles Holland and his silk shirts.
Violet Oulette and her Mary Pickford curls.
M. J. Lefler and his smile.
Mildred Arnold and her gum.
Norene Bushaw and Arrow Collar advertisements.
Frederick Holmes and his "Sweet Nothings."
George Crow and the telephone.
Ted Young and the funny page.

Teacher—"Make a sentence using the word triangle."

Student—"If grubs won't catch 'em, try angle worms."

First Moth—"Oh, I'm so tired this morning."

Second Moth—"Up late last night?"

First Moth—"Yes, I was at a Camphor Ball."

Freshie—"When does a man become four-handed?"

Senior—"When he doubles his fists."

Katharine B.—"What's the difference between a sigh, an automobile, and a mule?"

Walter B.—"I dunno; what?"

Katharine B.—"A sigh is "Oh Dear," and an automobile is "Too Dear."

Walter B.—"But where does the mule come in?"

Katharine B.—"Oh, that's "You, dear!"

Art Z.—"How was iron first discovered?"

Joe M.—"They smelt it."

L. Z. Mitchell—"What makes you so stout?"

Violet Oulette—"Because I eat what is right. What makes you so thin?"

L. Z. Mitchell—"Because I eat what is left."—*Senior Gazette.*

Mr. Pierce (In Physics Class)—"Will you follow me while I go over this pulley?"

Marian B.—"Do they have cold winters in Arkansas?"

F. Wonsey—"No, but they have Hot Springs."

N. Bushaw—"I see that they can't bake any more bread on the Pacific coast."

Doris M.—"Why so?"

N. Bushaw—"Because they haven't any east out west."

If a body sees a body
Flunking on a quiz,
And a body helps a body,
Is it teacher's biz?

—*Senior Gazette*

V. Shaw—"I was in a house the other day that had Rip Van Winkle carpets on all the floors.

F. Weng—"Rip Van Winkle carpets?"

V. Shaw—"Sure. Carpets with a long nap."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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Miss Abbott—"How do you punctuate this sentence: 'I saw a five dollar bill on the street'?"

Freshman—"Make a dash after it."

First Jeweler—"Aren't you afraid to leave those diamonds in the front window at night?"

Second Jeweler—"Not with my scheme. Just before I go home I put a little sign on them reading: "Anything in this window 10 cents."

Mr. Vear—"Why was the country of Phoenicia like an automobile?"

Jean Scott—"Because it had a Tyre on its border."

USEFUL INVENTION

A contrivance has been invented to tell a bald-headed man where to stop when he washes his face.

She—"I dreamed last night that I was in heaven."

He—"Did you see me there?"

She—"I did; then I knew I was only dreaming."

(Mrs. Pierce making an assignment to Biology Class): "Yes, you can use the liver that is in the book. Now is there any question before the bell rings."

(Raphael Bower): "I knew books had backs, but when did they begin to put livers in them?"

Old Lady—"What is your brother's name?"

Boy—"We call him Flannel."

Old Lady—"How peculiar! Why?"

Boy—"Because he shrinks from washing."

Recruiting Officer—"How about joining the colors? Have you anyone dependent on you?"

Motorist—"Have I? There are two garage owners, six mechanics, four tire-dealers, and every gasoline agent within a radius of 125 miles."

Elmer K.—"What shall we do?"

Ted. Y.—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the dance; and if it stands on edge we'll study."

A Poet falls in love betimes
And life becomes the sweeter.
A maiden fair inspires his rhymes,
And so he runs to metre.

IN THE PAST

Judge—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?"
Witness—"Yes, your honor; that's where I met him."

GENERALLY SPEAKING

The Doctor—"My dear madam, what your husband needs is absolute rest, and you must see that he gets it."
Mrs. Windy Chinner—"I know, Doctor, but he won't listen to me."
The Doctor—"Well, that ought to help some."

K. Bower—"Next to me, who would you rather see?"
A. Kirchner—"Next to you I'd rather see me."

Silly little Freshman
Trying hard to learn,
Need not learn the fire drill—
You're too green to burn.

If you have weak lungs, open the window and throw out your chest.

Easton Kirchner—"It's a strange thing, but true, that the biggest dubs go with the most beautiful girls."
Bernice MacDonald (pleased)—"Oh, you flatterer."

Elmer K. (coming out of the English room with a "D")—"Where's the poor boob who said ignorance is bliss.

Why did the salt shaker?
Because he saw the lemon squeezer, the spoon holder, and the potato masher.

He—"Of course, you tried the Jinrikishas while you were in Japan?"
She—"Oh, my word, yes; aren't they the worst tasting things?"

Miss Hanford—"What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"
Grace Beauchamp—"I wish I knew; I'd like to try some."

Wilson Wonsey—"Your neck reminds me of a typewriter."
Florence Wonsey—"Oh, goodness. Why?
Wilson Wonsey—"Because its Under Wood."

JUST A FEW QUESTIONS

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling, the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the end of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palms of his hands?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

V. P. P. (in Physics Class)—"Now watch closely, and I'll go through this siphon again."

Mary had a little lamb;
Her father shot it dead,
And now she carries it to school
Between two hunks of bread.

Milton Hunt—"I think you're the finest looking fellow I ever saw."
Harry Ingram—"I wish I could return the compliment."
Milton Hunt—"You could if you told as big a lie as I did."

Miss Travis—"If the Greeks had pushed Pan into the Bay of Salamis, what would he have been when he came out?"
Terrence Conlin—"A dripping Pan."

Fred Holmes—"I have a cousin with a glass eye.
Charles Holland—"That's nothing; I've an uncle with a wooden leg.
Jack Perrin—"I've got you all beat; my sister has a cedar chest.

Miss Conrad—"What position does Jack Perrin play on the football team?
Miss Hanford—"I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."—*Senior Gazette.*

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IN publishing an Annual four things are absolutely essential to its success: The first thing to look to is where the money is coming from, the second is the copy, the third is the company which will make the copper halftones and zinc etchings, and the fourth is the printer. If any one of these fail, the Annual will be a failure. For the first we wish to thank the advertisers in this book who have helped to make it a success; and we trust that the students of the Marine City High School will give them their due in patronage.

Philosophy of Eddie Guest

"Have you ever been inside that large red building in your neighborhood, which you hear so much about and frequently drive by? That's the school house—the place you send your children to every day of the week. It's the building they bring their report cards from. Inside it are the rooms in which they spend most of their daylight hours. There you will find the teachers who are training your children. You've heard their names, but would you know them if you passed them on the street? Have you ever seen them or ever talked with one of them? Next to yourself and their mother they have more influence over your children than any one else in the world. Next to your own home that building is more important to you than any other structure in the city. Do you know what it's like inside? Have you ever taken the trouble to go into it and see what is there? Probably not.

Well, there is to be a go-to-school night, and the idea is that parents shall take time enough to pay a visit to the principal and teachers who have their children in charge. Drop in and see your boy and girl at work. It will do you good and the teachers good, and if it does nothing else, it will open your eyes to the advantages of modern educational methods."—Detroit Free Press.

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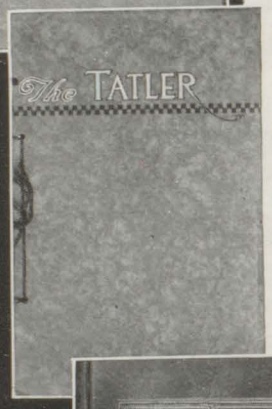
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